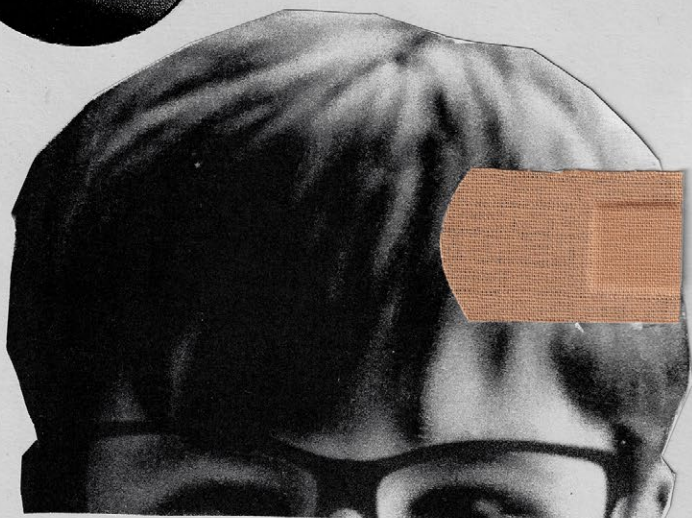
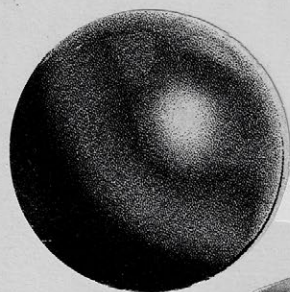


Lorenzo Montatore

**NO SÉ, PERO...
CREO QUE
MORIRÉ**



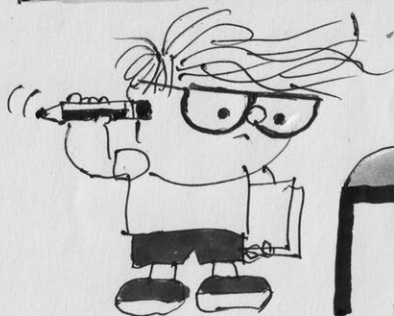
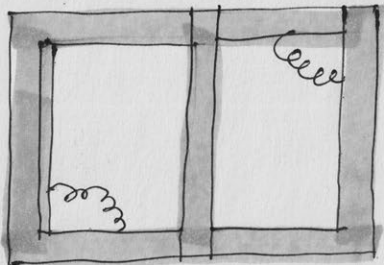
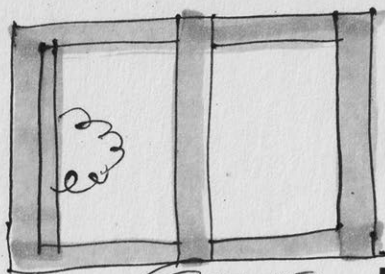
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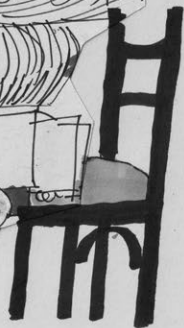
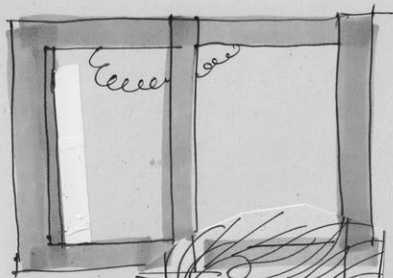
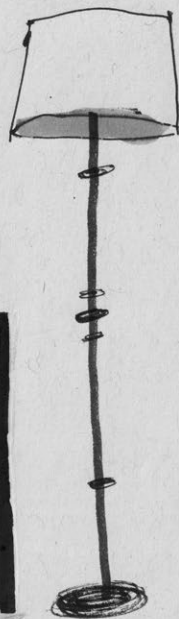
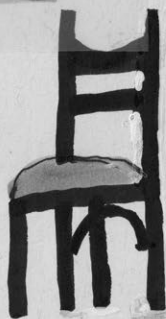
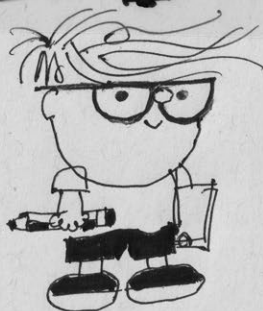
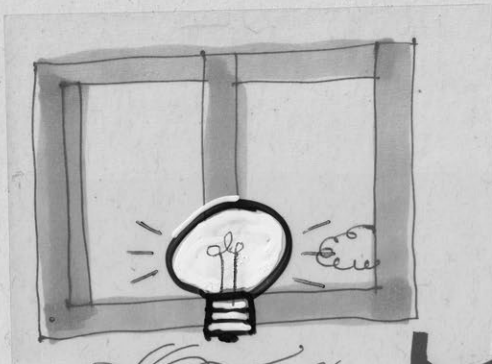
Reunidas para hacerte un poco más eterno,
las singulares ocurrencias que voy a enu-
merar en estos pliegos, las hayas o no
sufrido, llevan la esencia, nombre y ape-
llidos de este que fue vivo: Tu muerto.

En el momento de mi nacer
alguien dejó el grifo abierto
y estuvo goteando llanto hasta
empapar la losa de mi gusanera.

PAGE 1

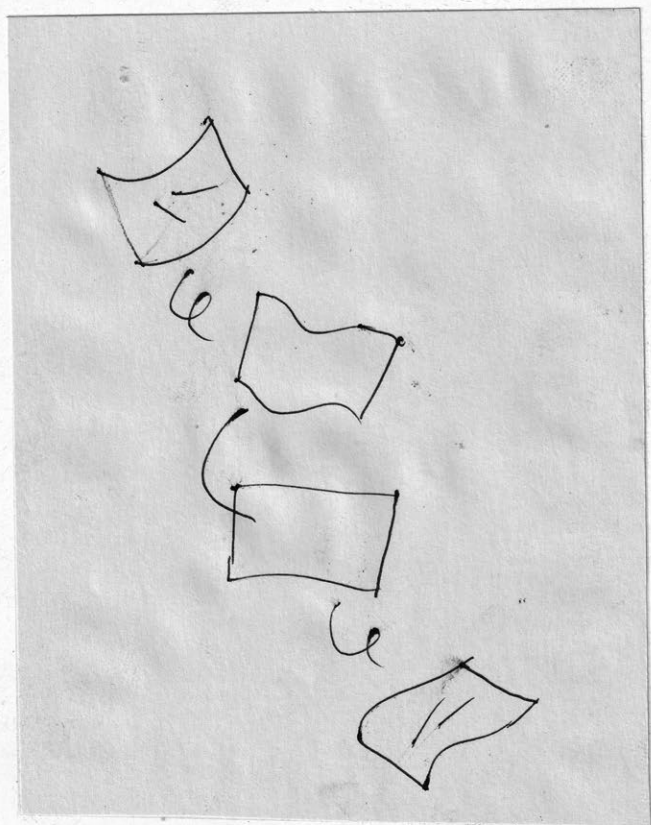
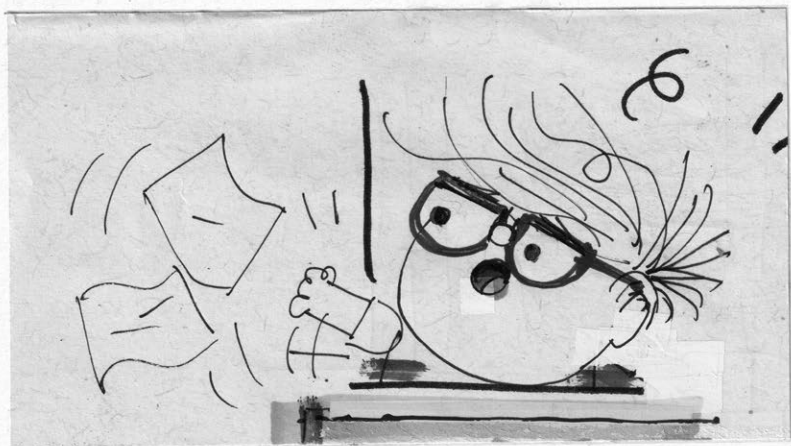




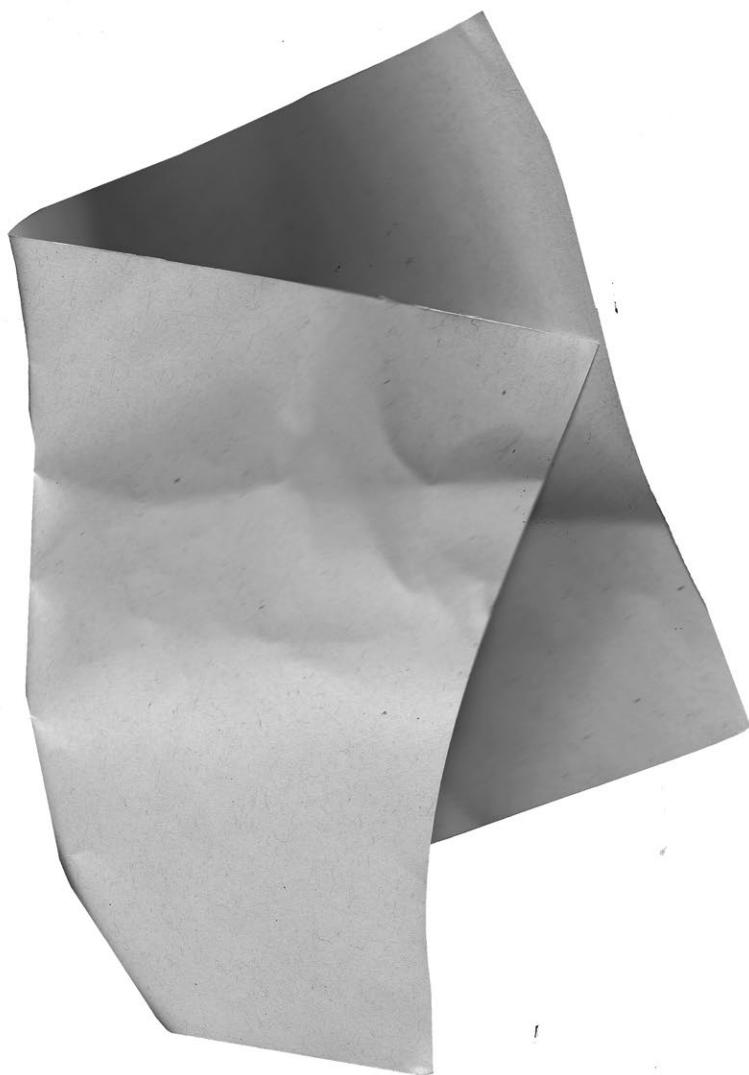




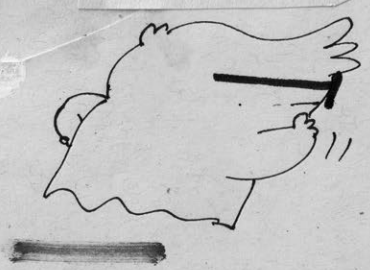
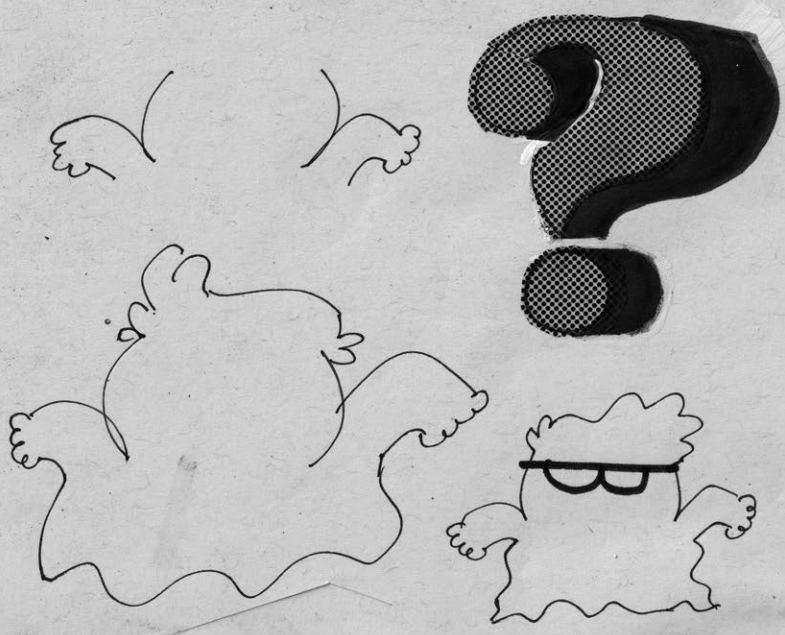


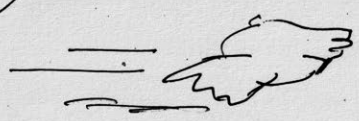
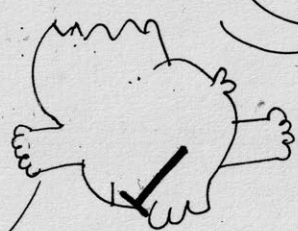
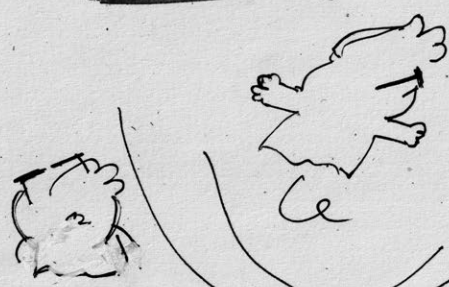
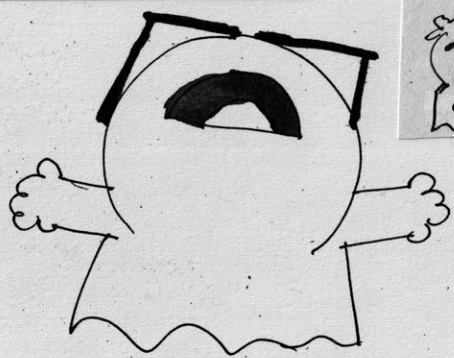
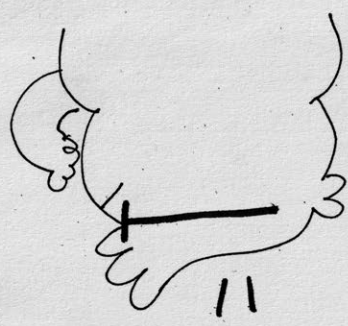


1



Para ser dueño de una
isla desierta
o se es náufrago
o se es dibujante.





0.7

